

登      高  
deng —      gao —  
Climb      Heights

風 feng — wind	急 ji + fast	天 tian — sky	高 gao — high	猿 yuan — gibbons	嘯 xiao + shriek/cry	哀 ai — sad
渚 zhu + riverbank	清 qing — clean/clear	沙 sha — sand	白 bo + white	鳥 niao + bird	飛 fei — fly	迴 huai + circling
無 wu — no	邊 bian — limit	落 luo + falling	木 mu + leaves	蕭 xiao — xiao	蕭 xiao — xiao	下 xia + fall
不 bu + no	盡 jin + end	長 chang — Long	江 jiang — River	滾 gun + gun	滾 gun + gun	來 lai — rush/roll
萬 wan + ten thousand	里 li + miles	悲 bei — sad	秋 qiu — autumn	常 chang — often	作 zuo + be	客 ke + stranger
百 bo + hundred	年 nian — years	多 duo — many	病 bing + illness	獨 du + alone	登 deng — climb	臺 tai — tower
艱 jian — difficulties	難 nan —	苦 ku + bitterness	恨 hen + regret	繁 fan — increase	霜 shuang — grey	鬢 bin + temple/hair
潦 liao — forlorn and abandoned	倒 dao +	新 xin — newly	停 ting — stop	酒 jiu + wine	一 yi + one	杯 bei — cup

### Climbing the Heights

When winds rage and the sky is high, gibbons cry mournfully;  
Over white sands on a clear riverbank, birds fly and whirl.  
Leaves fall from deep woods—rustling and sighing;  
The Long River rolls on, forever, wave after wave.  
Ten thousand miles away in sad autumn, I often find myself a stranger;  
My whole life afflicted by sickness, I mount alone the high terrace.  
*Beset* ~~Best~~ by hardships, I resent the heavy frost on my temples;  
Dispirited, I have by now abandoned my cup of unrestrained wine.

Trans. Wu-chi Liu

The wind is keen, the sky is high; apes wail mournfully. The island looks fresh; the  
white sand gleams; birds fly circling. An infinity of trees bleakly divest themselves, their  
leaves falling, falling. Along the endless expanse of river the billows come rolling,  
rolling. Through a thousand miles of autumn's melancholy, a constant traveler racked  
with a century's diseases, alone I have dragged myself up to this high terrace. Hardship  
and bitter chagrin have thickened the frost upon my brow. And to crown my  
despondency I have lately had to renounce my cup of muddy wine.

Trans. Burton Watson

### Li Shangyin, "The Patterned Lute"

Mere chance that the patterned lute has fifty strings.  
String and fret, one by one, recall the blossoming years.  
Zhuangzi dreams at sunrise that a butterfly lost its way,  
Wangdi bequeathing his spring passion to the nightjar.  
The moon is full on the vast sea, a tear on the pearl.  
On Blue Mountain the sun warms, a smoke issues from the jade.  
Did it wait, this mood, to mature with hindsight?  
In a trance from the beginning, then as now.

Trans. A. C. Graham

### Untitled poem

For ever hard to meet, and as hard to part.  
Each flower spoils in the failing East wind.  
Spring's silkworms wind till death their heart's threads:  
The wick of the candle turns to ash before its tears dry.  
Morning mirror's only care, a change at her cloudy temples:  
Saying over a poem in the night, does she sense the chill in the moon beams?  
Not far, from here to Fairy Hill.  
Bluebird, be quick now; spy me out the road.

Trans. A. C. Graham